But loe from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, luſtie, young and proud,
*Adonis* trampling courſer doth eſpie:
And foorth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighes alowd.
The ſtrong-neckt ſteed being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighes, he bounds,
And now his wouen girths he breakes aſunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
Whoſe hollow wõbe reſounds like heauẽs thunder:
The iron bit he cruſheth tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging maine,
Vpon his compaſt creſt now ſtand on end,
His noſtrils drinke the aire, and foorth againe
As from a fornace, vapours doth he ſend:
His eye which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
Shewes his hote courage, and his high deſire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle maieſtie, and modeſt pride,
Anon he reares vpright, curuets, and leaps,
As who ſhould ſay, loe thus my ſtrength is tride.
And this I do to captiuate the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is ſtanding by.

What



What recketh he his riders angrie ſturre,
His flattering holla, or his ſtand, I ſay,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking ſpurre,
For rich capariſons, or trappings gay:
He ſees his loue, and nothing elſe he ſees,
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Looke when a painter would ſurpaſſe the life,
In limming out a well proportioned ſteed,
His Art with Natures workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the liuing ſhould exceed:
So did this horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag, and long,
Broad breaſt, full eye, ſmall head, and noſtrill wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtraight legs, & paſſing ſtrõg,
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Looke what a horſe ſhould haue he did not lack,
Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a backe.

Sometime he ſcuds farre off, and there he ſtares,
Anon he ſtarts, at ſturring of a feather:
To bid the winde a baſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or flie, they know not whether:
For through his mane, & taile, the high wind ſings,
Fanning the haires, who waue like feathred wings.